

Killing Me Softly by AbsinthexMind

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Reader

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-09-02

Updated: 2018-09-02

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:34:07

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,313

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

You hated how gentle his voice was when he spoke to you. Hated how your heart and mind thought that he was faking a tender tone.

Killing Me Softly

There he was. The king of Hawkins High School. Your boyfriend, Billy Hargrove. He was the embodiment of sex and rock and roll. And you were the lucky girl that managed to get him to be your boyfriend. . . . Lucky. That's what you should have felt. Instead you felt the suffocating swell of insecurity and a damaging blow to your self confidence. Not that it took much to make you feel like shit. Seeing incredibly pretty girls fawn over your hot boyfriend though? Oh yeah. That definitely did the trick. They knew too that at any time they could easily take Billy away from you. Like stealing candy from a baby. You weren't considered a cool kid. Hell, hardly anybody even knew you existed except for the few friends you did have. And of course Billy. Your meeting him had been completely by chance. Something that really should've never happened. But it did. God knows what Billy saw in you. You didn't see much when you looked in the mirror. Yet he somehow managed to be attracted to you. So much so that he wanted you to be his girlfriend. At first you thought it was some kind of joke that the universe was playing on you. Someone like Billy would never want to seriously date you. Billy never actually seriously dated anyone. He was a bad boy and kept a constant string of girls at his beck and call.

You wilt where you stand when you watch as another girl puts her hand on his chest as she oh so obviously flirts with him. You can't help the heavy feeling that sinks and roots itself in your chest.

Clutching your books to your chest you turn your back on the scene and hurry before Billy has time to notice you. You had never mentioned to him how insecure you were, thinking it would turn him off completely from you. And you definitely didn't want him to think you were jealous and clingy. But you were all those things, except for clingy. You made sure to give him his space. Maybe a little too much space by the looks of it. You hardly hung out with him at school, not wanting to constantly hang off of him and smother him. You kept your distance no matter how much you wanted to be by his side. How could you though when he surrounded himself with so many beautiful girls.

Ah, there it was again. The quivering of your bottom lip. That ugly monster that was insecurity was gripping your throat as you fast walk to the girl's restroom to lock yourself in a stall and try to quiet the tears that were spilling over your cheeks.

You couldn't go on like this.

Of course you liked Billy a lot, maybe even love him, but to feel like this every day? It was too much for you.

"There you are babe!" Billy grins as he leaned against his beloved car.

Your body jolted slightly, having not expected him to spot you. You had tried to make your way quickly across the parking lot but Billy always did like to park right in front of the school. Biting down on your lip you notice the girls next to him giving you the stink eye. Hesitantly you shuffle toward him, knowing that he wouldn't just let you walk away. You could tell that they were judging you by the way their eyes flicked up and down, trying to see your worth.

Apparently they didn't find much as they each said goodbye to Billy.

"Where were you going? I thought I was gonna drive you home." He cheekily smiles and tries to pull you into his slightly exposed chest.

Stiff you try and nonchalantly pull away from his touch, which he immediately noticed. "I think I'm just gonna go home by myself today. . . It's not that far away. . ."

Brows pinching in confusion he doesn't let go of your arm. "What are you talking about? I always drive you home." You hated how gentle his voice was when he spoke to you. Hated how your heart and mind thought that he was faking such a tender tone.

Throat dry, you kick a pebble with the toe of your shoe. "Who're we kidding Billy. . . This, it's not gonna work out."

Billy bristles at that, all playfulness gone as a serious shadow casts over his eyes. You knew he had a temper and you wondered if he was finally fed up with you and that he'd explode and tell you off.

"Just look at me Billy. I'm. . . I'm nothing compared to those other girls. You can do so much better, so I don't exactly know what you're doing with someone like me." You manage to painfully swallow the lump that had developed in your throat, your hands shaking a little bit at speaking out your fears and truths. "Are you just playing around with me like you do with the other girls?"

"You're talking crazy. I don't know what's gotten into you." Billy tells you and tries to beckon you to the passenger side of his car. You don't move and you could see the agitation on his face. "Stop being ridiculous (y/n)."

"I'm not being ridiculous!" You snap. "You're always surrounded by all these girls, how else am I supposed to feel?!" It was killing you. The jealousy and insecurity was all too much. "And then you just go on smiling around them and indulging in them! I see the way they look at me. I see the question they're all thinking! 'Why is he with someone like her?'."

You didn't want to feel like this anymore. Like all the negativity was killing you slowly and softly. Just like Billy's kisses.

Without giving Billy the opportunity to reply you run for it. Run and don't look back.

You hadn't expected to open your front door and see Billy nervously rubbing the back of his neck.

"We need to talk. You really didn't let me say much back at school."

"What did you have to say?"

"That you're crazy."

You're about to shut the door in his face before he puts his boot clad foot in the door's way.

“You didn’t let me finish! You’re crazy to think that I don’t genuinely like you. Why do you even bother concerning yourself with those girls? They got nothing on you personality wise. Their taste in music is complete shit and they don’t make me laugh with their sarcasm like you do. You’re. . .” He bites his bottom lip before letting out a low laugh as if he couldn’t believe what he was about to say next. “You’re fucking amazing. And here I thought Hawkins was full of only kinda pretty girls with nothing in their head. You challenge me with your wit. And I personally thinking you’re fucking beautiful. Why do you care who else thinks you’re hot? I’ll punch any other guy who thinks that.”

Hand on the doorframe you look at him skeptically. “Why are you overly friendly with all those girls then?”

He pauses and shrugs. “I didn’t mean to be. To be honest I thought you were confident in our relationship. Guess there’s a lot I still don’t know about you. I know you don’t like PDA which is why I don’t do anything with you at school.”

Simpering you shift your weight from one foot to the other. “Guess I should’ve been more vocal about how I was feeling.”

“I’m not a mind reader, babe.” A smirk tugs at the corners of his lips. “A little help is appreciated. I’m sorry. I promise I won’t be part of making you feel insecure. Can I get a kiss now?”

Feeling a bit shy, you get onto the tips of your toes as Billy leaned down to catch your lips.